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We all Grow Young

at Christmas

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AT CHRISTMAS

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PHILO W. SPRAGUE

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All hail to the joy of Christmas,
That comes perpetually;
The Christmas that was, and the Christmas that is,
And the Christmas yet to be.

WE all grow young at Christmas;
Though old and tired and sad,
When we meet by the Saviour's cradle,
Our burdened hearts grow glad.
And the sight of the new-born CHRIST child,
Like a draught of spicèd wine,

Fills the dullest heart with the magic
Thrill of a youth divine.

Then hail to the joy of Christmas
That comes perpetually ;
The Christmas that was, and the Christmas that is,
And the Christmas yet to be.

And we all grow young at Christmas,
As we hear the story old,
How the Angels to the shepherds
Their Christmas tidings told ;

And the oldest feels the beating
Of his heart at that strain increase,
"Glory to God in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace."

And we all grow young at Christmas,
As our children's voices raise,
In the gladsome carols of Christmas,
The angelic hymn of praise.
They are welding the ages with music
In the song that shall never cease,

"Glory to GOD in the highest,
On earth good-will and peace."

Then the feeblest knows the power
Of a life that never grows old,
And the hardest feels the presence
Of a love that never grows cold.
For the joy the CHRIST child bringeth
Is a joy all others above,
As it whispers to doubting mortals,
"At the heart of GOD's world is love."

And we all grow young at Christmas,
As we look down the years, and see,
Child of the Christmas that has been,
The Christmas yet to be.
Ah ! still there is strife and contention,
There is want, and squalor, and sin ;
And the CHRIST child still lies in a manger,
For we give Him no room in the inn :

But His Star is the Star of the Morning,
And tells of a glorious day,

When from East to West the wide world
Shall own the LORD CHRIST'S sway ;
Then the love that reigns in Heaven
Shall reign throughout the earth,
And in every land, every heart shall keep
The Feast of the Saviour's Birth.

Then sing for the joy of Christmas
That comes perpetually ;
The Christmas that was, and the Christmas that is,
And the Christmas yet to be.

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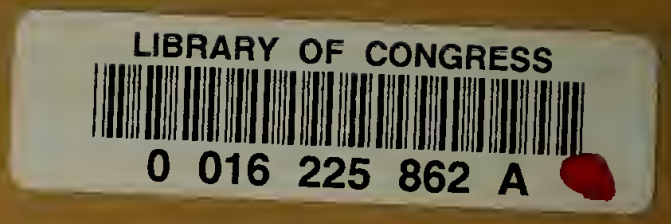
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